

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.
POOR LITTLE POLLY

Her Kindling-Wood Doll That Was
Always Burned Up.

A Sad Tale from the Shadow Side
of Christmas.

Nell Nelson's Visit to an Eliza-
beth Street Tenement.

An Object Lesson for the Charitable
Who Have Warm Hearts and
Happy Homes.

Poor little woman! We met in a Hous-
ton street fuel shop Saturday afternoon,
she to buy a bucket of coal and I to find
my bearings.

By accident she dropped a small brown
paper parcel, and two pieces of suet fell
out on the dirty floor.

That was the beginning of our acquaint-
ance. I tried to scrape the coal dust from
the rich, white towel, and in a clumsy way
succeeded. A little black dust won't mat-
ter, I ventured to remark, thinking she
intended to make "drips" of it.

"Yes, it will matter," she replied sadly;
"it is all my little ones have to butter
their bread."

For a moment I was stunned by this con-
fession of poverty. I had not noticed be-
fore how pale and haggard she was, nor
how very scantily she was dressed. She
was nothing on her head, although it was
raining and very cold; her feet were in
the ground, and the little woollen shawl
pinned at her throat barely covered her shoulders.

When the proprietor of the shop filled
her scrubbing bucket with coal he placed
it near her and waited to be paid.

A piece of wrapping paper containing
her pennies was carefully unfolded, and
with a deliberation that was most touch-
ing she passed them to him, counting as she
did so, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8."

"That's right, Mrs. Clark. Much
obliged."

"Yes," she answered with a sigh "I
know it's all right for it's the last time
in the house. The tailor was two cents
and you have the rest."

"How long will this bucket of coal last?"
I inquired.

"All night."

"What will you do to-morrow?"

"God knows, for my man is out of work."

"The shop's open Sunday," the dealer
remarked.

"That's no convenience to me, for if you
deferred to sell me a coal mine for a cent I
couldn't buy it."

We surprised the merchant by asking the
price of a ton of coal. He doesn't do whole-
sale business, he says, and we compromise
on a dozen buckets.

The poor little woman lays the mutton
suet on the black diamonds, takes the coal
in her arms, and we go out together. She
cries all the way home, the tears and rain
meeting in the hollows of her pale, thin
face. The annals of the poor are little
things, hard to tell sometimes, but easily
understood. Her husband is out of work,
this cold weather, so favorable to trade in
general, having suspended street improve-
ments. There are five little ones, aged one,
three, five, seven and nine, and not a whole
shoe or a perfect garment between them.

We turn into Elizabeth street and enter
one of the frowning tenement-houses. A
shrewd housekeeper is scrubbing out the
hall, and a group of ragged, fever-looking
little boys watch her from the head of the
stairs.

"Can't Patsy take his little brudder
past?" asked the leader of the small gang.
The drudge has a face like a boxing-
glove, but her voice is nothing like as soft,
and she yells up: "No! keep out this hall.
If I catch you I'll cut your legs off!"

There is no terror in the threat obviously,
for a small person is seen astride the balu-
stade and a small voice says: "Here I come."

Crossing a courtyard we enter an even
more melancholy building and go upstairs.
There are plenty of half-starved, timid chil-
dren about, but no scrubbing brush dis-
turb the surrounding grime.

On the second floor we enter a low cell-
ing room and are at home. Everything is
as dreary as poverty can make it.
There is the usual kitchen and bed-
room. The place is very dark and the
atmosphere overpowering. A baby
sleeps in a rocking-chair. Everything
seems to be on the floor—tubs, dishes,
kettles, pans, bedding and the comb and
brush. The children are pretty little crea-
tures, quiet as lambs and more than willing
to be loved, but they are unclean, un-
kept and painfully ragged.

Dick is startled; actually his feet are
blue with cold and his little legs covered
with "goose flesh." He wears a red cotton
waist. One suspender holds his trousers
in place, for they are neither heavy nor
warm.

He has a pair of roguish eyes, kinky
brown hair and a scratch on his nose.

When I ask him what he wants for Christ-
mas he says, "A box of tools."

Poor fellow!

Last month his mother bought him a
pair of second-hand shoes for 50 cents, but
the Bowery shoemaker is versatile, and
these had paper soles and felt vamps. It
rained the first time the child put them on,
and that day he recited his lessons in his
stocking feet and hasn't been to school
since.

Sam, aged 5, had most of his toes in cal-
f-skin, but not a shirt to his back. He was
wearing—well, it really is not an apron,
although made of blue gingham and but-
toned up the back, for there are no sleeves
in it. Both little arms were bare, and I saw
with my own eyes the dimple in his shoul-
der. Sam is a sturdy, plucky little fellow,
with teeth of dazzling whiteness and a head
considerably longer than it looks.

What he wanted in his stocking was a
jacket and a shirt.

Big brother Arthur, called "Art" for
short, is one of the best boys on Manhattan
Island. He goes to school, sells papers,
mends the baby, looks after his little
brothers and sister and keeps out of mis-
chief. He was writing on a slate bought
with pennies earned by running errands for
the neighbors.

In reply to the one important inquiry Art
said: "I'll give my present to 'Annie
Rooney.' I never tasted turkey, and if any-
body gives me anything I'd like to have it
turkey." There's generosity and necessity
for you from a poor boy of rich New York.

"Annie Rooney" is the baby, a sweet lit-
tle girl, with brown eyes and yellow hair.
Miss Rooney came into the family last De-
cember. She was the only Christmas pres-
ent received. Sadly enough, there was no
celebration in her honor—not so much as a
Christmas dinner even and very little fire.

Sister Polly, the pet of the family, was very
jealous at first and would not be reconciled
to a division of the love of three boys.
Now when they want a kiss from frolicsome
Annie, Polly holds her head still.

You can't guess what she said she wanted
Santa Claus to send her?

Try!

No, not a set of dishes, nor new shoes,
nor even a cap.

"I want a petticoat, please," she said,
and seemed alarmed at her own boldness.

When asked if she had a doll she replied,
"Not a live one. There it is," and she pro-
duced a stick of kindling-wood with a
handkerchief for a head and a piece of
towel for the dress.

Poor Polly explained that she liked her
Kittie "all right if only she wasn't burnt
up every time."

As "Annie Rooney" was in dreamland it
was useless to ask what she wanted. A
glance at her humble bed would be hint
enough for any buyer.

The baby girl was dressed in a flannel
wrapper, and had the only good pair of
shoes and stockings in the family. But
there were no blankets or afghans about
her. A piece of a merino shirt served as a
sheet, and the mother's jersey jacket did
duty in lieu of a coverlet. This motherly
sacrifice to child comfort accounted for the
little woollen shawl she had worn when she
went out in the rain for fuel.

Now, gentle readers, what have you to
say about this case? Don't you think
these little children should be provided
with reserved seats at the Christmas par-
ty, fitted with brand-new shoes and stockings,
sensibly dressed and generously enter-
tained?

Don't you think Polly deserves a petti-
coat and a doll, and has a just right to
all the aprons in the family?

Don't you think it would be sweet to sur-
prise "Art" with a big turkey stuffed with
cranberries?

Don't you in your heart think you could
pay for one new shoe—all leather—for Dick?

Don't you think Sam modest in asking
for a warm shirt and a decent jacket?

Would you, a boy, like to wear a sleeve-
less, gingham thing, with buttons up the
back and a ruffle round the bottom?

Don't you think it cruel that a lady with
the popularity of "Annie Rooney" should
be obliged to make a counterpane of a
walking jacket?

Couldn't you, if you tried very hard, sub-
scribe enough to pay for a blanket three
feet square?

Isn't it a little pathetic to think of a girl
with the captivating name of Polly loving
a stick of kindling-wood? Can you imagine
your own heart warming to any thing so
unpoetic?

These children have never tasted turkey,
never been warmly clad, never owned a
new toy and never known the delights of a
picture book.

They must be attended to at once. They
are good little creatures, all of them. The
father is out of work, the mother is too ill
to earn any money and the family is in
need of every comfort.

You are rich and well. You have work,
warm clothing, plenty of fire and an abun-
dant of wholesome food. Theselittle
ones have a claim on you. They were
overlooked last Christmas, and justice must
be shown them this time.

The festival of good will and great joy is
very near, and whatever is done must be
done quickly. So give heed and hasten
your giving.

Warmer and Fair.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—A weather
forecast for the week ending Dec. 15, by
the U. S. Weather Bureau, is as follows:
Fair, with light winds; temperature
moderate; no snow.

The following
change shows the
change in the tem-
perature for the past
twenty-four hours in
comparison with the
corresponding date of last year, as indicated
by the thermometer at Perry's pharmacy:

1880. 1890. 1899. 1900.
Dec. 9. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 10. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 11. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 12. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 13. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 14. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 15. 44. 44. 44. 44.

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by the thermometer at Perry's pharmacy:

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Dec. 13. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 14. 44. 44. 44. 44.
Dec. 15. 44. 44. 44. 44.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions as to the Vari-
ous Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Races and Lou-
isville Pooling.

The Gutenberg entries give promise, as
usual, of very interesting races. The usual
conditions of form, weight and distance being
taken into consideration, picking winners
does not appear a difficult task.

In the first race, at a mile, Winona appears to
have the best chance. She ran well during
the early part of last week and was scratched
Saturday, probably because she was receiving
a final keying up. She should win. Vosburg
ought to beat the others for the place and
Bursell ought to be third, if the track is at all
dry.

The second race ought certainly to
go to the credit of the Hough Brothers.
Levelev, outclassed the others in the race and
at the distance, six furlongs, ought to win
easily. Servitor should be the runner up and
Elihu may get third money.

This is a very fast race, however, and
last night is improving fast, but the distance is not
to her liking.

The third race is a handicap at a mile and a
sixteenth. Tournament proved himself capable
of going the distance under 1.50, and this
ought to be fast enough to beat the lot pitted
against him to-day. Lela may look to be the
best of the others, and should be the runner-
up. The fourth entry is at six and one-half fur-
longs. Mr. F. is in such rare form that
the writer is inclined to believe he can win
again to-day. Kilmow may be second and
New or third.

The fifth race, at five and a half furlongs, in-
cludes the celebrated Belstar from Gloucester.
This is a very fast race, however, and last
night is improving fast, but the distance is not
to her liking.

The sixth race is a handicap at a mile and a
sixteenth. Tournament proved himself capable
of going the distance under 1.50, and this
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The ninth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The eleventh race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The thirteenth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The sixteenth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-first race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-third race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-fourth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-fifth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-sixth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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New or third.

The twenty-seventh race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-eighth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The twenty-ninth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The thirtieth race is a handicap at a mile and a
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The thirty-first race is a handicap at a mile and a
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\$13,000,000 TO THE RESCUE.

Secretary Windom Increases His Offer
to Buy Bonds.

Wall Street Has a Boom of
Brief Duration.

Could Stocks Very Weak—Rumors
of Wamamaker's Difficulties.

Wall street breathed easier this morning.
Instead of the Treasury having taken \$1,800,-
000 per cent. bonds yesterday the amount ac-
cepted exceeded \$4,500,000, calling for the
disbursement of nearly \$5,000,000 on account
of the premium at which the bonds are selling.

In addition to this pleasing intelligence,
Secretary Windom announced that he would
buy \$5,000,000 of 4s if tenders for that amount
should be received by the department.

On top of all this came a cable from London
this morning, that \$1,000,000 gold would be
shipped from that port to New York in a few
days.

It is definitely known that \$2,000,000 in gold
will leave Liverpool to-morrow for this port.

The bulls took prompt measures and made
the smaller shorts come up to the captain's
order and settle this morning.

London prices came a 1/4 per cent. above
our final quotations of yesterday and this gave
an additional fillip to the market.

The advance did not hold, and probably for
very good reasons. It is known that there were
heavy liquidations in leading securities
yesterday and this fact created an uneasy feel-
ing as to the future of the market.

It gave rise to rumors that Mr. Wamamaker
had been unloading, out of the great profits
that Mr. Wamamaker was in financial straits.

The Postmaster-General's financial position
is rumored and says his business is large
now that the cash receipts are over \$50,000 a
week.

Mr. Wamamaker was long since credited
with having an interest of 50,000
shares in the Reading
syndicate and it has been common
report for some time that certain New York
people were getting for the stock on account of
his advocacy of a Postal Telegraph bill, which
would be a severe blow to the Western Union
monopoly.

Before 10 o'clock the gold stocks gave evi-
dence of great weakness.

Western Union broke 2 1/2, and Missouri
Pacific, 3 to 3 1/2. The general list fell 1/4
to 1 1/2 per cent.

FROZEN IN FORSYKE WOODS.

A Woman and Child Wander from Home
and Are Lost for Two Days.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
RAYMOND, N. J., Dec. 8.—There are grounds
to hope to-day that Mrs. Leona De Freese,
who was found nearly frozen to death in the
Forsyke Woods, with her frozen dead five-
year-old daughter by her side, may recover
and eventually be able to give some intelligible
account of her strange wandering and its
cause. She is, however, in a very critical con-
dition.

It is a very remarkable case, and thus far
inexplicable on any theory other than that she
was suddenly afflicted with insanity.

Thomas De Freese, the woman's husband,
is employed on the Buddenack farm, near the
Six Roads, a mile south of Rayway. He re-
ported to the police yesterday that his wife
and the little girl had been missing since
Saturday afternoon.

Mr. De Freese said that she left home to do
some shopping in Rayway. Her husband
knew of her intention, and that she intended
to take the child with her. In the evening he
became alarmed at their not coming home,
and made a search himself, but without avail.

He reported to the police that he thought that
she had probably been induced by some friend
to spend the night, and he went to bed him-
self.

When Sunday noon arrived with no news of
his missing ones, De Freese became thoroughly
alarmed and notified the police. The officers
soon learned that the woman had been at the
shop story of Abram Turner, on Main street,
Rayway, Saturday afternoon.

They traced her movements after she had
left Turner's, and found that she had gone to
Forsyke Woods, the child being with her.
Thoughts of the terrible tragedies in re-
cent New Jersey history, in which unprotected
women have been victims, caused the officers
to begin a systematic search of the woods.

The search was not a long one. In a dark
brook, hidden by underbrush